

## ON THE SIDE.

By WEX JONES.

Simplified spelling is a year old this week and eleven months forgotten.

A man looks upon a story that he has heard before as a woman now looks upon her Easter hat.

**THE CONGO PEANUT.**  
Thomas P. Ryan is to raise peanuts in the Congo.—News Item.

CAN'T you see the guileless native as he sits beside his hut.  
Not a stitch upon his body, not a care upon his mind.

Drinking when he's thirsty from a handy coconut.  
And sleeping like a baby when on coconut he's dined.

And not a single peanut in the Congo?

CAN'T you see the happy native always smoozing at his ease.  
Never in a rush to get from this place up to that.

Taking all advantage of every cooling breeze.  
And happy as a King can be, reclining on his mat.

And not a single peanut in the Congo?

AND can't you see that native with "enterprise" on tap.  
Working like a truck-horse just to earn his daily board.

With an inter-jungle subway where he hangs unto a strap.  
And adding many millions to Ryan's swollen board.

Who is raising Cain and peanuts in the Congo?

Secretary Taft is about to step ashore in Cuba, and the Progressives are bracing up the island.

Winter fingers in the lap of Spring.  
Who meets delay with her divorce, poor thing.

**THE DICTIONARY OF MISINFORMATION.**  
CHUMP—One who thinks he knows more than you do.

COCKTAIL—An excuse to get a cherry.  
DICTIONARY—A book which tells you how to spell a word if you can spell it well enough to find it.

RAILROAD—Two long strips of steel off which trains run.  
SPRING—Winter's selvaage.

Central America is much excited over the war it is having, the season there opening a little earlier than our baseball season.

**The Self-Educator.**

BILLIONAIRE—To become a billionaire, begin gradually. Make a million dollars to start with and then form a trust.

COOK—Cooking is an art, and art is a matter of opinion. Do not be discouraged if no one eats the food you prepare. Keep on in the same way until the family gets as hungry that they must eat it. Then quit before the Crooner arrives.

HOUSEKEEPER—Get a house and keep it.

POET—Learn to live on similes. A roll is a good simile for a steak.

SURGEON—Practice operations for the relief of appendicitis and plethoric pocket-book.

TAILOR—Measure a customer as if you had the tape around an Apollo. Also pick a percentage of customers that will pay their bills.

TEACHER—Study the life of Job.

A Bayonne writer wants women on the police force. Probably the club would be replaced by the hatpin.

**A BARITONE'S DIARY.**  
MONDAY—Anvilstein says I am too fat for a Romeo, and I must take off 50 pounds or lose my contract.

TUESDAY—Breakfast, lettuce and vinegar. Ran 18 miles in Central Park. Boxed 20 rounds with trainer.

WEDNESDAY—Ran 25 miles. Boxed all afternoon and skipped rope all evening. Dinner, onions and vinegar.

THURSDAY—Running, boxing, putting in coal and chopping wood all day.

FRIDAY—Fifty pounds off. Dinner, celery and vinegar.

SATURDAY—Tried to sing, but was too weak. Fired. Dinner, steak and potatoes. Who cares?

"Faith is the basis of finance," says Stuyvesant Fish. It is. The public is the basis of all finance; the financiers the monument that stands upon it.

**Variations.**  
Spring! Feel its breath in the air!  
Doesn't the sun shine bright?  
Oh, but the morning is rare!  
Ah, but the day brings delight!

Spring! and the sky is o'ercast!  
Gee, how it's pelting with rain!  
Rubbers, umbrella—it's past,  
And the sun is a-shining again.

Spring's balmy breath in the air!  
NOW it feels like a mighty hard frost;  
Oh, it's raining again—no, it's fair!  
Well, wouldn't a poet get lost!

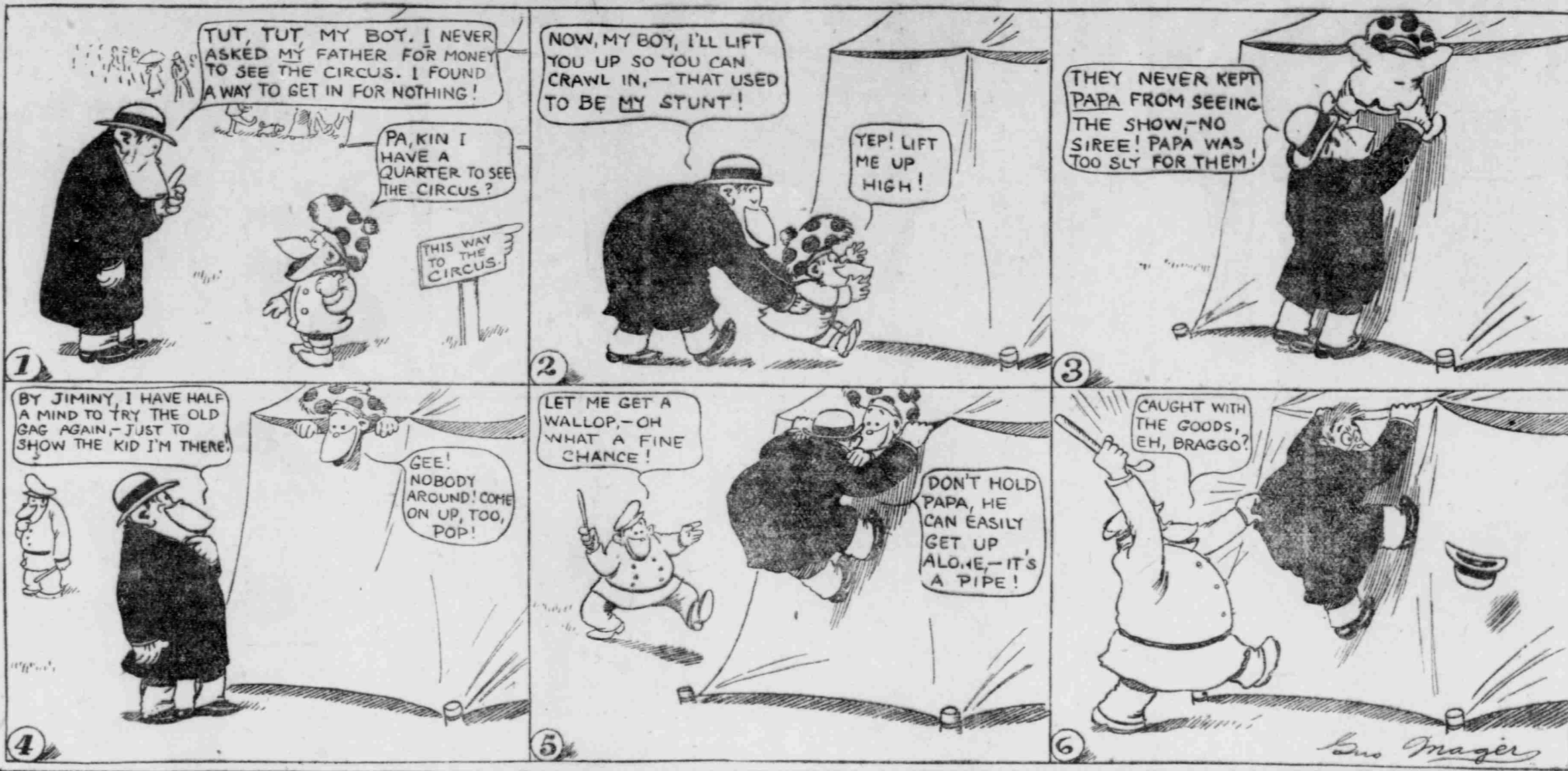
**An Old Joke Revamped.**  
Mrs. Brown awoke her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that he had just heard a burglar in the room below. "Now," she exclaimed, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then John sat up and listened. "By Jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er—er—those cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to sleep again, Mary," he said, complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."—Argument.

**Welcome to Sleepyheads.**  
We should get up well every morning. If we do not, we are certain gradually to run behind in our physical bank account. This proves that sleeping is quite as important as eating. The luxury of sound sleep is one of the greatest means given to a man or beast for restoring and invigorating the whole system. No one should allow business or anything else to curtail this luxury, and parents should promote it in children, instead of drumming them out of bed early.—Homoepathic Envoy.

**Tinkering with the Soldier.**  
Any trousers pockets of the Garrison Artillery in Scotland that were sewn up in accordance with a recent order will be reopened, Mr. Haldane announcing yesterday that the order was cancelled.—London Daily Mail.

## Braggo the Monk Goes to the Circus.

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## Mr. E. Z. Mark Is Nominated.

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## Dolly's Affairs of the Heart.



## Now What D'ye Think of That?

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## A Matter of Habit.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

YOU may feel aggrieved when men stamp on your face.

In the press of the Subway expresses,  
Or when in the crush of the "L" station rush  
Rude strangers yank hanks from your tresses;  
You may be annoyed when you toy with your purse.

And a footpad steps forward to grab it,  
But you'll presently find you're becoming resigned,  
For it all is a matter of habit.

PERHAPS wading home through six inches of slush.

In a rollicking, frolicking rainstorm,  
Unfailingly serves so to get on your nerves  
That you wind up in jail with a brain-storm;

Your salary drawn, it may irk you to know,  
There's some gratter all ready to grab it,  
But you'll soon cease to sigh, for you'll learn by and by

That it all is a matter of habit.

OUR forefathers, taxed overmuch for their tea,

Threw a cargo or so in the ocean,  
And made loud complaint—they had small self-restraint

To raise such a frightful commotion;  
But we, in this wiser and wavier age,  
Have about as much nerve as a rabbit;

Why growl at our woes, when each one of us knows  
That they all are a matter of habit?

## Hard Lines.

Dr. Austin Flint, the alienist, said at the Century Club in New York, apropos of a will contest that had been tried last year:

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult a one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt."

"Why are you so sad?" an acquaintance said to the young man. "You never appeared to care much for your aunt."

"I didn't," said the youth, dolefully; "but I was the means of keeping her in an insane asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind."—Washington Star.

## Great Men and Their Cats.

That the cat always falls on her feet is a proverb, but not many, perhaps, have heard that this enviable faculty is a miraculous privilege bestowed by Mohammed. Richelleu, it seems, kept twenty cats; Tasso had the "fancy," and merely to mention Handel, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Beranger and Maupassant, one almost regrets to learn that Petrarch, after so far departing from the spiritual tone of his sonnets to Laura as to half cherish thoughts of suicide on her death, finally found consolation in the carcases of a cat, whose skeleton may still be seen in the museum at Padua.—London Globe.

## Sharp Practice.

Captain Braggo once bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet and made the trial. But there were forty-one steps to the flight, and therefore, after making twenty hops, the man found he had lost. He paid up, but accused Captain Braggo of sharp practice. "Sharp practice!" said Braggo, indignantly. "Well, I'll make the sound bet with you that I can do it." The other, expecting to win his money back, assented. Captain Braggo then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet.—Argonaut.

## Left Its Mark.

Not having telegraphed for accommodations, ex-Senator Mason discovered in a small town that he would have to make shift as best he could.

He was compelled that night to sleep on a wire net that had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As Mr. Mason is a man of considerable avoidings, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked the proprietor, when the politician appeared in the morning, "how did you sleep?"

"Fairly well," answered Mason, "but I certainly looked like a waffle when I got up."—Harper's Weekly.

## Following Orders.

The editor of the Independence Star found it necessary to warn a careless reporter to write nothing unless he absolutely knew it to be correct. Later in the day the reporter handed in a society snitch, who claims to reside on South Chestnut street, gave a so-called dinner party to a number of her alleged friends. Mrs. Smith asserts that they all found a good time. In the progressive culture feature which followed the dinner Mrs. Brown, who claims to be the wife of Postmaster Brown, was successful.—Kansas City Times.

## All Kinds of Hammers.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty-ton hammers of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to one hundred tons.—Baltimore Sun.

## Freak Insurance.

"Is it a fact?" asked a judge—Justice Darling—the other day, of counsel in a case that was before him, "that insurance companies insure against a successful appeal by the other side?" "Yes," answered the learned gentleman. "I have been told so. And they have different rates for different judges."—London Daily Mail.

## A Boy Topsy.

Out in Downs a little Swede boy went to school and the teacher asked his name. "Yonny Olsen," he replied. "How old are you?" asked the teacher. "Ay not no how old or bare." "Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher. "Ay not born at all, ay got stepmother."—Kansas City Star.

## The True Fisherman.

Fishermen have a more philosophic view of chance and fate than any other brotherhood.

"You'll find there are no fish in that pond."

"What did you tell me for? Now you've spoiled my whole day's fishing."—Fleegende Blaetter.

## Irish and Scotch Englishmen.

Not one of the Law Lords who regularly take part in the judicial work of the House of Lords is an Englishman. Lord Macnaghten, Lord Atkinson and Lord Collins are Irishmen, while Lord Loreburn and Lord Robertson are Scotsmen.—Law Journal.